

THE LEISURE HOUR.

BREHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Courier.*



THE HEIR OF LORDDALE.

A YOUNG WIFE'S STORY.

CHAPTER XLII.

FOR some time I resisted the proposition to send a telegram to my husband. So long as there existed any hope of Hubert being found, it seemed cruel to expose him to the torturing agony of suspense. But at last I consented, some of the small boats having returned unsuccessful, after an absence of more than three hours. It cost me a severe pang,

just as if by so doing Hubert's death-warrant was signed.

The telegram sent was short and intentionally vague. Why harass him before the time? It said that Hubert was lost, and entreated his father to return immediately. One longer and more explicit was sent to my uncle, on whose knowledge and rapid decision of character I unconsciously built some unreasonable hope. But for Adams I would have gone back to the sea-shore to watch and wait. She

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

prevented me by an exercise of energy to which my weakness rather than my will submitted. Patrick and Joseph remained on the beach. They had orders to keep me informed of the return of the boats, and of everything that was done.

After one painful interview with Mrs. and Miss Rogers, I did not see them again. Simply as it occurred, the expedition, when talked over in connection with its result, appeared characterised by carelessness. They blamed me, and I blamed myself; yet, candidly arguing, Hubert's disobedience was the real cause of this calamity. Susan told him not to touch the boat lest he should soil his clothes, a reason not likely to have much weight; yet what would have had more with a boy so volatile? In the fulness of my sorrow I accepted the blame, unwilling to add to Victor's grief by charging it upon his disobedient child. Was not his loss hard enough for the paternal heart to bear, without loading the absent one with censure? And Susan—poor Susan! it would have been cowardly to make her the scapegoat. Hubert was in the charge of both of us, and both of us had taken our eyes off him.

Reasoning for hope as well as against it, trying to strengthen my nerves to meet Victor's distress one moment, and planning to escape from it at another, the time passed; the day declined, and the grey tints that make evening sometimes so cold spread themselves over the world without. Dinner had been served and sent away untasted, and as the shades deepened there came a low, wailing sound that sent me to the window, purposely left uncurtained, but only to be more grieved and more alarmed. The trees were bending their topmost branches hither and thither, and whilst I stood watching them, transfixed with fear, the wind rose, and gusts swept across the lawn with a savage howl, scattering a profusion of leaves and twigs over the turf.

"Oh, Hubert, Hubert, my Victor's darling!" I cried aloud, hiding my face not to see the disastrous effects of the fierce blast. Could that little boat weather such a storm? Impossible, if it were as violent at sea as on land. Though early in September, this had all the impetuosity of an equinoctial gale, and became more and more tempestuous. Our poor Hubert! Much I feared he had been swept out into the broad sea, and was by this time among those precious things that would never be seen again until a Voice mightier than the deep itself bade it restore its dead.

By midnight all the fishermen had returned. The servants who had been waiting below until then brought us no good news. Our lost boat had not been seen nor heard of by any of the men, who now considered all further search useless. It was an awful night. When the wind abated, the rain fell in torrents. At one time, as the drops rattled against my window, I caught myself inconsistently dreading lest Hubert should catch cold. In tears mixed with prayers, and in wandering up and down the passages, the terrible hours were passed by me; to sleep was impossible, and to sit still was nearly as difficult. In vain Adams, pointing out the dangerous effects of such extreme agitation, advised me to submit, and try to take some repose. Ever before me were that beautiful, noble face, cold and blanched beneath the wave, and Victor's desperate misery. At last I consented to lie down without undressing, and, dismissing Adams, struggled through the few

remaining hours of darkness as I could. The morning came at last. Oh, had the night but resembled it! Not a fleck was in the sky, scarcely a ripple on the silvery wave in the long distance over which my eye travelled, as, unable to breathe indoors, I wandered with my maid up and down the fatal shore, pointing out with tenacious accuracy every rock and spot we had visited yesterday.

There was no doubt of Nero having accompanied his master. Seeing him get into the boat he would naturally do the same; the marvel was that he had done so quietly. And yet he might have barked without our noticing it; he did so loudly as he ran races with Hubert; were we not too accustomed to the sound to heed it at the right moment? As the time approached for the train to arrive by which Victor would in all probability return, I became really ill. How could I face him in his intolerable grief, after he had heard the tale which Patrick was to tell before he brought him home? In a stupid maze, unable to think or stir or even shed a tear, I sat in my room upstairs, my listless hands plaiting and unplaiting my dress, when the wheels of a carriage rolled swiftly over the gravelled road and stopped. Now was the terrible moment, so terrible that my heart almost ceased to beat. All the doors being open, my own as well as the rest, I was soon aware that many steps were hurrying, many voices speaking, above all those of Bertha and Grover; they were talking to Victor as he came up the stairs. Grover, sobbing and crying, spoke my name. I heard her words distinctly and without resentment. It was so natural for her to blame me under the circumstances. "Her mistress would go," she said; "she had a presentiment at the time that something would happen, and wished the children to stay at home; but if Mrs. Demareay took a thing into her head she would not listen to any one; and now the poor darling was gone, gone, lost to them for ever." How my heart echoed both her sad conclusion and the melancholy wailing that followed! With the best intentions I had been the agent in bringing about this great affliction by furnishing the poor boy with the opportunity for mischief. Without answering Grover, Victor asked where I was. They must have pointed, for without another word came the sound of footsteps. My poor heart, revived a little from its crushed condition, was sinfully rebelling against the Providence that permitted such a misfortune to overtake me. How I had prayed to be made a blessing to my husband and children, and this was the result. In sickening hopelessness I turned away from any further appeal to Heaven, secretly saying it was of no use, so low in sense and faith had this anguish brought me.

A woful picture I must have presented, sitting there scarcely animate, with my hands crossed on my lap. I saw Victor enter, but did not move. Had my life depended on my own exertions, I could not have made any. Quickly coming towards me, his first words, gentle, but oh, so sad, "Have you no hope, Ella?" broke the spell. The mournful, quavering voice of the bereaved father, his pale, suffering brow, the utter absence of every shade of reproach, softened the hardness that weighed down my tender feelings, and looking up for a moment in mute despair, I burst into tears. This was answer enough. With one loud, choking sob, he bent down, and encircling me with his arms, laid his head upon my shoulder. For some time neither of us spoke; I would not intrude upon

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the mighty grief that shook his frame, scarcely recovered from the effects of his severe illness. It was no trifling satisfaction that, instead of spurning me as the luckless agent in this calamity, he came to me for comfort. Oh, Victor! though too noble and too good for me to appreciate thoroughly in the early days of our married life, did I not well to love him and strive to be a dutiful wife! And I had thought it possible for him to be unjust.

"My poor boy; my poor, thoughtless boy," he said, at length, when the first rush of grief had spent itself. "They all spoil him; all but you, Ella. You would have made something of him, had he lived. Oh, Hubert! my darling, darling child!"

Leaving me, he sat down a little apart, and resting his arms on the table, dropped his head upon them, breaking his silence occasionally by a gasping sob he tried in vain to repress. There was no consolation to be offered then, so I sat still and let him weep until he called me. Restored through his kindness to my natural reasoning powers, I began to wish to say something that might comfort him.

"Will you not be able some day to thank God that you have a child in heaven? Hubert is safe for ever," I said, timidly, and taking his passive hand in mine, knelt down and prayed aloud that the broken heart might be healed, and might one day learn to rejoice that our poor boy was gone where he could never sin nor suffer more.

"So my sainted mother would have taught me," observed Victor. The first time he had ever alluded to her, but the fact of his doing so under present circumstances cheered me not a little. Before long there came a re-action—the indulgence of grief gave place to a desire for movement. He was anxious to go down to the beach to make inquiries for himself. It would have been unwise of me to hinder him, though well aware he was only going to disappointment. Every boat had returned unsuccessful; nothing had been seen of the missing one. No one doubted that the little vessel had gone down in the night, if not earlier. Perhaps this general conviction was realised by the father too, for he returned more calm than he set out, but more sorrowful, if that were possible. My uncle arrived after midnight. Not being at home when the telegram reached Rosewood, he missed the train that brought Victor, but started by the first that was available after hearing the news. At daybreak he visited the shore, interrogated all the fishermen he could find, examined their crafts, especially those of the same character as the one that was lost, and shook his head dolefully. His words, however, were more cheery. He told us about a small boat that, after having drifted for miles, was recovered with two children inside.

"But here we have a question of days, or nearly so; more than thirty-six hours," observed Victor, despairingly, temperament as well as recent illness keeping him far below my uncle's sanguine level.

"True! true! and therefore there is but one hope—the boat, tossed and turned by the wave, may have gone to shore somewhere. The wind was not against it. Don't build any hopes upon what many would call a crackbrained idea; I should call it so myself if I had not seen such marvellous things with my own eyes. I don't believe we shall find the child, but, nevertheless, send everywhere along the coast."

In proportion as my uncle asserted there was no hope, so was he eager that every exertion should be made. Under his direction a plan of action was

speedily formed. Victor, with his man Jack, was to go one way, and Captain Worsley, accompanied by a servant, another, with the intention of examining the coast and making inquiries of those living near the shore. The accident happened on Monday afternoon. It was Wednesday now; so long ago, that the utmost I expected as they left Lornedale was to obtain some certainty of our loss. That day and half the next passed without tidings from either party. Towards the close of the second my uncle sent a telegram. A boat had been found about forty miles from Ormbey, bottom upwards, wedged in between some rocks, having no owner and no name. There was none on that which had tempted our poor Hubert to his watery grave, which similarity outweighed the little comfort that might perhaps be gathered from the last phrase—"Contrary to the wind."

"You will go into mourning now," said Adams, to whom I imparted the destruction of every shadow of hope.

"Go into mourning!" The words produced an instant change of feeling.

"I will not go into mourning," I hastily interrupted, the bereavement not appearing to me so certain a fact as long as it was unacknowledged, and yet I was inconsistent with myself, having no real hope remaining.

Then Friday came. Hearing nothing further from either traveller, I was expecting them back this evening or to-morrow. The present hour was passing very wearily. Sitting listless in the drawing-room, unable to occupy myself for ten minutes together, I heard a carriage approach without noticing it. Many inquiries came from the neighbourhood, but as no visitors were received, I was somewhat surprised to see an empty fly drive away and to hear a commotion in the hall, too unusual to be the return of the master, and far too gentle to be that of my noisy uncle. The mystery was explained by Giles throwing open the door and announcing Miss Everett.

Though not insensible to the value of sympathy like hers, I shrank from the meeting; it was the reopening of wounds that an apathetic hopelessness was beginning to dull. And yet she disappointed me by touching them lightly. Instead of testifying anxious solicitude, sharing the sorrow she could not console, she was nervous and abrupt, far less tender in her personal intercourse than she had been by letter when apprised of our misfortune. Thinking she might be inwardly condemning my want of resignation, I made an attempt to excuse myself. "It is so hard to bear," I said, unable to restrain some bitter tears.

Her reply fell harshly upon my ears—"Would not a false hope be harder still?"

The word "hope," all hopeless as I was, sent so keen a pang to my heart, that I broke down altogether. Then Miss Everett was herself. Taking me in her arms, with many a loving epithet, she conjured me to summon all my courage, all my strength, to hear the news she had come to tell. "It may be good, and it may be nothing at all, dear Ella. From my heart I pray that you may be supported through this terrible ordeal," and, drawing a letter from its envelope, she held it towards me, but to no purpose; the lines ran so into each other that my swimming eyes could not decipher a sentence, and, giving it back, I was obliged to request her to read it to me. It took a minute or more for me to understand that Miss Everett had received a communication from

a friend, written in haste, dated "Havre Station," and posted somewhere on the line to Paris. Brief and meagre as were the contents, they set my pulses beating wildly one second, and filled me with a sickening fear the next, as possibility and improbability weighted the scale. It ran thus: "Dear Miss Everett,—I have just heard a story which, if true, ought to be followed up. Being obliged to continue my journey to Marseilles, I can do nothing myself, but, knowing your benevolence, I send you the facts as detailed to me. You can take advice upon them or make the circumstance public through the papers. A fellow-traveller has just informed me that an English lad was picked up at sea a few days ago by a merchant sailing-vessel and landed at Havre. He fears he has not fallen into good hands."

In vain Miss Everett entreated me not to build too much upon so fragile a foundation; useless, also, was it to point out the many improbabilities of the boy found being Hubert. For a few minutes I was as wild with joy as I had before been dejected. My resolution was immediately taken; I would go to Havre; not an instant should be lost. Whom should I take with me?

CHAPTER XLIII.

ANTICIPATING my determination, Miss Everett came prepared with all the necessary information. The Havre boat left that night at 11.45. The afternoon not being far advanced, there was ample time to go to London, rest at her house, and take the night train to Southampton. To my great joy, she had made up her mind to accompany me and Patrick. I had chosen the old man because he was not only accustomed to travel, spoke a little French, and had the family happiness most at heart, but he added to his other recommendations that of having some love and reverence for myself. Within an hour of my receiving the news brought by Miss Everett, the carriage was conveying us and a small portmanteau to the railway-station, whence, shortly afterwards, we were whirling rapidly towards London.

To meet Victor on his return, I left a line to say where I had gone, charging Adams to supply the information I was too hurried to write. A modest dinner was served for us at Miss Everett's, which was scarcely tasted, alternations of hope and fear on a subject so serious not being conducive to appetite. Starting again at nine o'clock, we completed the railway journey without incident, and, being successful in obtaining berths, by midnight were steaming down the river.

The voyage did not appear long. Exhausted by fatigue and the different phases of emotion so recently undergone, I soon fell asleep, and was awakened after some hours by the nautical cries of the sailors to each other as we entered the harbour the following morning. A few fine buildings caught my eye, but my chief impressions of the place were from the windows of the *Hôtel de l'Amirauté*, when looking down on the busy traffic and the cotton-laden wharves. A maze of masts and rigging, rising like a forest from the vast basins, containing shipping from all parts of the world, confounded me. Though I had never seen anything of the kind before, my eye scarcely enjoyed it, more important objects being in my mind. In a short time a breakfast, composed of bread, butter, eggs, with tolerable coffee, was served, and the landlord made acquainted with the

purpose of our journey. He kindly promised all the assistance in his power, and instructed us how to act.

The first thing we had to do was to visit the Commissaire de Police, and relate our story. The great man, great in his own department, heard us with attention, and entered every item he judged important in a book, as well as our answers to his questions, put with a view to obtain a correct description of Hubert's personal appearance. That done, he politely bowed us out of his little room, promising to let us know the result of his inquiries.

The waiting to which he so civilly sentenced us was intolerable; the more so as he could not be induced to hold out any hope of success. He and his subordinates would do their best. This was all that could be obtained from him.

It was a damper to our expectations that not a whisper of the incident related by the traveller had reached the police, yet, soberly considered, this was not surprising. In a harbour capable of accommodating nearly two thousand vessels, and where large and small come and go every day, and night also, the freight of an insignificant merchantman might be easily overlooked. With these reflections Miss Everett and I comforted each other as well as we could, making pitiable attempts to maintain a little composure. But it was weary work. To please me, rather than with any anticipation of hearing news, Patrick went to and fro all day between the commissaire's office and the hotel. By evening, worn with the sickness of hope perpetually deferred, I was ill and thoroughly desponding, even before there came the official announcement that nothing had been discovered.

The next day was Sunday, and that too passed away without any tidings of our lost one. Just at bed-time we were visited by the commissaire himself, who very seriously recommended us to go the following day to Honfleur, where a child, partially resembling our description of Hubert, had been heard of, but nothing further could be obtained from him. Whether he could not or would not give more positive information, it was impossible to say. When pressed he only strenuously urged our departure without delay, advising us, on our arrival, to put ourselves in communication with the police, who, he said, had been made acquainted with all the circumstances, and were endeavouring to render us assistance. Could we be on the track of Hubert? The bare surmise weighing ceaselessly against probability caused me a dreadful night. "If, if," This word was ever in my head, making the suspense almost more than I could bear.

A steamer plying daily between the two ports, Patrick easily secured us places in it, and we were on our way to go on board when an unlooked-for occurrence changed my resolution. When passing along the quay I was nearly knocked down by a huge dog, which suddenly leaped upon me with a strange cry resembling a howl rather than a bark. In the first moment of fright I clutched at Miss Everett's arm to keep me from falling; in another second both mine were thrown round the beast, and Nero, our lost Nero, was licking my hands and face in an ecstasy of delight. Departure now was not to be thought of. If the dog was there the child could not be far off. In my mind one fact so confirmed the other that they could not persuade me to leave Havre without further inquiries, and the boat went off

without us. Unhappily, my reasoning proved fallacious; Nero turned out to be a *feu-follet*, appearing only to deceive. He was claimed by the son of a warehouseman on the quay, who had bought him of a sailor at Honfleur a few days ago.

The renewed recommendation of the commissaire, repeated with even more earnestness than before, was not needed. Vexed at having lost a day through miscalculations, however plausible in appearance, I had no rest until we were steaming across the little estuary to Honfleur. In two hours we arrived, and were soon afterwards installed in the largest room of the Cheval Blanc, a primitive inn of third-rate pretensions, overlooking the pier and part of the harbour, the landlord having informed us, with a look and accent of reproach, that we were expected yesterday. What this might mean we had not long to conjecture. Scarcely had I seated myself, after throwing my hand-bag on the table, when a card was brought me, with André Pierron, Commissaire de Police, printed in large letters upon it, and almost immediately followed a stout, burly man, much more ordinary in appearance than his brother officer at Havre. From some undefinable impression, my heart sank very low at the sight of him, and was in no way raised by the peculiarity of his manner. After putting a few questions to us, which seemed to have little point in them, he stood still, not far from the door, in a position commanding a view of the passage, and with a broad grin, meant probably for a smile, beckoned to some one outside. At the signal a small figure appeared, clad in a dirty blouse, with a pale, downcast face and a bearing of utter dejection; not our Hubert, but a wreck of the once beautiful, buoyant child.

"Hubert!" This was a shriek rather than a call, and the effect was magical. Galvanised into life at the sound of my voice, a glowing colour rushed over cheek and brow, and the boy, bounding forward as a young antelope, sprang upon me before I could rise, and clung to me with a tenacity that nearly took away my breath.

"Hubert, my darling boy, thanks be to God for having restored you to us," was all I could say. Time at such moments is not to be measured. It seemed only a short minute that we clasped each other in this fond embrace, which was interrupted by Hubert. His little manly heart could bear up no longer. After a few vain struggles to command himself, he gave way entirely, and laying his head on my lap, sobbed as if his heart must break. And we let him weep as much as he liked. In the reaction from the unfathomable misery he had undergone, when believing himself lost to us for ever, tears like these were the best medicine. Ultimately he was frightened into composure by my falling into a fainting fit, during which Miss Everett informed me he was all feeling and tenderness. Hanging over me, dumb and dazed with sorrow and alarm, he kissed my clothes and feet with passionate devotion, as I lay inanimate on the sofa, unable to believe that I should ever come to life again. Afterwards, when I was partially recovered, though unable to do more than lie still, he sat beside me, subdued and patient, content when permitted to hold a portion of my dress between his fingers, and furtively kissing it from time to time. My dear, darling Hubert! From that day he never wavered in his love towards me; I had bought it, indeed, but oh, at what a price!

His story was simple enough when narrated,

though fraught with such misery to himself and us. Part he told me and part to Miss Everett at different times. The fragments, pieced together, make the following account, which shall be given as nearly as possible in his own language and with his childish impressions. When tired of running, chancing to find himself near the boat—always an object of special interest to him—he forgot Susan's prohibition, and was soon jumping in and out, inciting Nero to do the same. Led on by the quest for amusement, he next began playing with the roping and other materials lying about, pretending to be a sailor, when he suddenly discovered that he was moving. Delighted at first, he clapped his hands for joy, and Nero barked and sprang about as pleased as he was. Then came a doubt if all were right, followed immediately by painful apprehension. The rocks he perceived were behind him, and he was going each second farther and farther from them. Alarmed in earnest now, he called and called, shouted with all his might, for the shore was becoming more and more distant. No one heard; the waves only roared the louder, and he could see no one distinctly for the water; it was always water, water everywhere. "And then I knew what I had done," said Hubert, his bright eyes clouded by remorse; "I knew I had been naughty, and was going to be punished, as they often told me at home happened to disobedient boys. I told it all to Nero, who, crouching down by me quite still now, licked my face. He looked very sorry, too, and seemed to understand what I meant when I asked him not to leave me. We were rocked about for a long, long time, and then I felt hungry. The boat pitched and tossed, and the wind blew hard. I should have been very cold but for Nero, who kept me warm; but when he went away I laid down in the boat and cried, thinking then that no one would ever care about me again. I was so glad when he came back, which he did of his own accord, after sniffing and thrusting his nose everywhere. He did not forsake me really, but, I think, only hunted about for something to eat. We sat close together; Nero did not bark, nor did I speak, but only wondered where we were going. I was so unhappy."

He looked so while telling his tale, even though now so happily restored to us. A stupor must have been gaining upon him, from which he was roused by a bird flying over his head. Fearing it might return when it grew dark and peck him if he did not keep watch, the poor boy resisted his inclination to sleep. By-and-by the waters grew entirely dark, nowhere around could he see anything but their blackness, which looked so frightful, he said, that in order to keep them out of sight he lay down on his back and fixed his eyes on the skies, where there was yet light, and thought of Nora. She might then be in her nice, comfortable bed, with nurse standing beside her, wondering where he was. He next thought of Nora's mamma—as yet I had no other title with him—and of many things she had taught her, repeated by the child to her brother, about a good God, who loved little children and took care of them. "Thinking he might remember me," the little fellow continued, with touching simplicity, "I knelt down, and, after telling him how naughty I had been in meddling with the boat when desired not to touch it, I asked him to forgive me, and not to punish me this once, promising never to be disobedient again if he would just take me back to papa and Nora. And at first I thought he heard me,

for there came a beautiful star over my head, and when I ventured to look at the water again it was sparkling and shining all round the boat. And we were moving fast—so fast that I thought I must be going home. But presently it grew all dark again, and it rained. The boat did not seem to be stirring at all, which made me cry, as there seemed no hope of ever getting back to papa. The star was gone too. I thought then that God had gone away also, and had forgotten me, or perhaps left me to be punished. That was worst of all," he said, sadly, the recollection of his sorrows bringing the tears into his eyes as he related them.

About this time he seems to have fallen into a troubled sleep, for the next thing he recollected was hearing himself called by strange as well as familiar voices, and being unable to answer.

"I heard Nora's mamma calling, 'Hubert, Hubert, where are you?'" he related to Miss Everett, "and I saw her crying so hard, just as I saw her once when running into her room after Nettle. When I told nurse about that, she said, 'Let her cry;' but I wanted to ask her what was the matter, and stole back and stood at her door ever so long, until nurse came and fetched me away. She came down that day with one white and one black shoe on, and looked very unhappy. I wondered why. Afterwards, when I talked to papa about it, he kissed me, and told me to be a good boy, and always kind to her. Did I do it?" he asked, with a look of anxiety and compunction.

"You can do a great deal to make her happy now," replied Miss Everett, evading his question. "You can be always good and obedient to her. Never forget that she came all this way to find you, and has made herself ill with fear and love for you."

"I will; I will be as good as ever I can," said the boy, gravely and deliberately, nodding his little head in ratification of the newly-formed resolution; "and I will call her mamma, as Nora does."

Where Hubert's recollections stopped we were left to conjecture. From the facts that came to our knowledge, it would seem that Nero was an agent in the recovery of his young master, and that he must have kept watch until they were discovered. Hubert remembered being awakened out of a comfortable sleep by the furious barking of the dog, and hearing noises and seeing lights close to him; not the one bright, gentle star that had before given him so much comfort, but several flashing on the water; and soon a lamp was held close to his face, and a pair of large eyes stared into his own. After that he fancied himself going through the air with the sea below him, surrounded by sounds of people talking, but unable to understand what they said. The words, if words they were, were rough and ugly. He recollected lying in a little bed that swung about, and that a man, bringing him something to eat, patted him kindly, but instead of telling him where he was, or answering any of his questions, made the same ugly noises he had heard before.

How long the child slept, or how long he remained in the vessel that so providentially picked him up, he could not tell. The next circumstance he recalled was, that one night they brought him some clothes, dressed, and took him by gas-light to a small, dirty house, where he was again put to bed. Before daylight he was placed in a fly, and driven a long way into the country, accompanied by a strange man, who said nothing to him except "Good boy" when-

ever he asked a question. After some hours they arrived at a large house—nearly as large as Lornedale, the child thought—where he was taken into a room and left alone. The man never appeared again, but a woman came after awhile, with some bread-and-butter and some hot coffee. "I took that, because I was hungry; but afterwards, when she brought me cakes and toys, I could not eat, for I thought I should never see any of you again, and I used to lie on the ground with my face downwards, that they might not see me cry," said Hubert, in a tone that well described his hopeless grief. "I did not care for anything, not even when two men came and fetched me away; I thought I was only going somewhere to be punished."

Without doubt this was a case of intended adoption. Hubert would have made an interesting heir to a childless man, and might hereafter have been happy in his new home when all juvenile memories had faded away, but ours must have been desolate.

Having gained possession of our boy, we left the matter in the hands of the police, to pursue or drop as they thought proper. The only further exertion we made was to buy back Nero, and then, deeply thankful, we went home with our lost and found treasure, telegrams having announced our success, and given the proximate time of our arrival. Victor, who had barely returned from his prolonged search, was not in the house; he had gone to meet us at the station at the time the train from London was due, while we, in our impatience, changing our plans at the eleventh hour, came by a cross line which enabled us to reach Lornedale a little earlier. As the sounds of his approach reached us, Hubert and I were in the library, the nearest room to the entrance-hall. Like myself, the child was much agitated. We were standing together, hand in hand, with hearts too full to speak or move, subdued and disciplined as well as grateful. How vast a gulf seemed to separate the events of our former life at Lornedale from the present moment,—to-day from the day that parted us! Contrasting those hours of anguish with the joy my husband must now feel, tears of thankfulness filled my eyes. If I had my share in causing the bitterest feelings of his life, I was permitted one in bringing about the happiest. Now, if ever, he must understand the faithfulness of my heart. Putting Hubert forward as his father hurried towards us, I hoped for a few words of tenderness when he had kissed his son, and should have been contented with them; but he took us both into his arms, and after the exclamation, "My darlings!" half smothered with emotion, he whispered to me a promise of undying gratitude and love, in tones that made me entirely forget that I had ever so bitterly sorrowed.

Grover was no longer at Lornedale. She had been sent away by my husband, "for speaking disrespectfully of the family," said Adams, with a semblance of reserve which did not, however, deceive me as to the person against whom she had offended.

CHAPTER XLIV.

WHEN the time approached for my baby to be born, it was impossible not to perceive that the anxiety was not confined to myself. If it proved a girl, Lornedale, falling to Victor as residuary legatee, would ultimately descend to Hubert, and all would be well. But if not—Upon the sex of the little stranger depended its welcome. All along had I calculated upon its being a boy, perhaps because

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that was least desired. With all the consideration for me a reasonable woman could expect, Victor became restless and unsettled, never satisfied to be at home, and not to be tempted far or long away from it. Happily, Hubert was at school, or his presence might have increased his father's uneasiness. With Nora he became capricious; sometimes taking her on his knee and fondling her with kisses, telling her she would soon have a sister to play with; at others, setting her down abruptly when she got upon his lap, he would rush out of doors, and, after walking about until thoroughly tired, would return as nearly irritable as it was possible for him to be. Not only Mrs. and Miss Rogers, but the whole household, regarded the prospect of a rival to Hubert as a misfortune. Already my heart frequently asked what might be in store for my child, doomed, in all probability, if a boy, never to possess the parental love in its strength and fullness. It would always be my son, and Hubert would be Victor's. I foresaw disunion and jealousy in the family, though now only as a cloud not bigger than a man's hand. If the stormy portion of my life was over, a real calm was not yet attained, for out of this state of things might arise many circumstances to obscure and perturb it. At times the heritage to which my child would be born was a heavy incubus, and the event which generally wakes into activity the best sympathies of woman was more dreaded than rejoiced in.

"It must be a girl, another Ella, and I shall love it so dearly," said Victor one day, when he had been more restless than usual.

"And what if it is not? will you not love it then?" I asked, with yearning anxiety.

"Oh, it will not be a boy," he answered, eagerly; "Providence will not permit such injustice."

"But if it prove a boy," I persisted, not having his present comforting faith that our difficulties would be settled so satisfactorily. "My child ought to be dear to you, Victor," I said, looking at him with a feeling partaking of the anguish of doubt. "The first part of my married life was not happy; would it not be utter heartlessness to overcloud the rest?" And notwithstanding many kind words and promises from my husband, my spirits were often depressed, though I struggled to preserve an appearance of cheerfulness. The time passed. We had endeavoured to keep a pleasant Christmas, if not a merry one. Miss Everett paid us a long visit, and my aunt and uncle, with Agnes, spent a fortnight with us.

Soon after they were all gone, about the middle of January, my baby came into the world. It was a boy, a fragile little creature, whom no one expected to pass the stage of infancy. But, contrary to general expectation, it lived, and, what was stranger still, the little fellow grew to be the central bond of the family. Although somewhat weakly in health, he was so gentle and patient, so sweet-tempered and affectionate, that every one loved and treated him with especial tenderness. When too tired to walk, his father would carry him on his shoulder wherever he wished to go; and Nora, by taking upon herself a certain amount of responsibility with regard to her brother, became more steady and constant in character. And Hubert, faithful to his resolution, he always did what he thought would most please me; but independently of my wishes, he was so full of pity for poor Ernest, because he could not run about like himself, and especially because he must live at home and never go to sea, with the chance of coming

back an admiral, that he was more than willing to give up to him. Above all the rest, he would have done his part in spoiling him, had not Ernest been of a nature not to suffer harm from indulgence.

So it was. The gift we dreaded to receive proved our greatest blessing, not only drawing us more and more together, but teaching us the grand lesson, useful for our whole lives, that out of adverse circumstances our Heavenly Father can make all things work for good to those who trust in him. . . . With my heart still full I must here lay down the pen. A shrill, impatient cry, "Mother, mother! we are waiting for you," is ringing in my ears. Hubert, at home for the holidays, and thinking no party of pleasure complete without me, is continually making imperious inroads upon my leisure, not always approved by Nora and his younger sister. Dear, darling Ernest never complains, but looks sweetly at us with his beautiful eyes, wherein a mother's partiality detects a world of thought lying latent.

* * * * *

Years have passed since I wrote the foregoing story, years chequered in some degree, as all must be here below, though Victor and I have found much joy and comparatively little care in our family circle. The heaviest sigh I ever breathe is when my thoughts go back to Colonel Demareay—the blank life, with all its wisdom and self-sufficiency—the dull, gloomy end. The contrast seemed the darker from the bright and peaceful departure of the faithful Patrick, at whose eventide it was light. I have found in after-years everything to confirm the great lessons of Faith and of Duty taught me in that first year of my married life. Among the sundry and manifold changes of the world, and in times of sorest trial and perplexity, the only wise and safe course is to "trust in God and do the right."

MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

WHEN Lord Shaftesbury, in presiding over a meeting for the presentation of a testimonial to Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, in commemoration of their "golden wedding," spoke of the "beauty of their lives," and of "the services they have rendered to literature and to art, and to various good and useful institutions for which they have been workers, and which they have largely aided to sustain," he happily, and in few words, touched upon some of the more prominent features of their career. Seldom, indeed, have two lives run, or rather glided, on so smoothly, and in one unbroken track of usefulness, as have theirs; and more seldom still, for such a long period, have any two people—husbands and wives—"aided, helped, and worked" into each others hands for the general benefit as they have done.

Samuel Carter Hall, or, as he is universally known by his initials, "S. C. Hall," is a member of the Devonshire family of Hall, of Topsham, and is fourth son of the late Colonel Robert Hall of that town. He was born in the Geneva barracks at Waterford, in Ireland, in the year 1800, at which time Colonel Hall's regiment was there quartered; but in the course of a few weeks the family returned to their native county, Devonshire. Mr. Hall was educated for the bar, and in due time became a barrister-at-

law. Never having followed that profession, it is one of his genial boasts that he never accepted a brief or pleaded where he knew he had not right and justice on his side, and that he never lost any cause he undertook.

Mr. Hall, when in his twentieth year—in 1820—published his first book, and in 1823 commenced his labours as parliamentary gallery reporter for the "New Times," and rapidly rose to eminence in that onerous profession. In 1824 he became a member of the Inner Temple, and in the same year married the estimable lady who has now for more than half a century been his wife and true "helpmeet" in all his undertakings.

Mrs. Hall, an Irish lady by birth and lineage, and eminently Irish in her warm-heartedness and affection, as well as in her lively imagination and deep pathos of thought, was born in Dublin, but was removed in infancy to Bannow, in the county of Wexford, and was brought up there at the seat of her grandmother's husband. Her mother, however, was of Huguenot descent, tracing to French and Swiss lineage, and was a woman of rare, and noble, and refined feelings. At the age of sixteen Mrs. Hall (then Anna Maria Fielding) came to reside in London, and there became acquainted with Mr. Hall, and this resulted in their early marriage.

As from that period their lives have glided on together, and their work been shared by each, it will be best to let these few notes form a single narrative.

The marriage took place on the 20th of September, 1824, and in the year following Mr. Hall established the "Amulet," which he for a number of years conducted with great success, being sustained by the best writers of the day. In 1829 Mrs. Hall's first work, her "Sketches of Irish Character," was published, and this work, for its freshness and its truthfulness in delineation of character, is one with which her name will ever be associated.

In the year following, 1830, Mr. Hall became editor of the "New Monthly Magazine," succeeding the poet Campbell in that post, and vacating the editorial chair, after some years, to give place to Theodore Hook. During this period Mrs. Hall issued a clever child's story, "Chronicles of a Schoolroom," and in 1832 published her first novel, "The Buccaneers," in which the plot is laid, not in Ireland, but in England, during the Protectorate. This was followed by "Tales of Woman's Trials," "The Outlaw," and "Uncle Horace," and one of her greatest and most successful works, "Lights and Shadows of Irish Life."

In 1839 Mrs. Hall published her "Marion; or, a Young Maid's Fortunes," which, besides passing through several editions in London, was translated into the German and Dutch, and we believe French, languages, and became a general favourite.

In the same year Mr. Hall conceived the idea of establishing a magazine devoted entirely to art, art manufactures, and the higher class of literary contributions, and launched the "Art Union," which, under its somewhat modified and greatly improved title of "Art Journal," he has continued uninterruptedly to conduct from that time to the present day, a period of thirty-eight years. "When, in 1839, I commenced the 'Art Journal,'" says Mr. Hall, "there was no public for art literature; I had to create a public, and I did. The newspapers gave, on certain pressing occasions, a few lines to the theme. Now, column after column accords justice to

the vital subject, criticising, fully and thoroughly well, all art productions, whether published or exhibited. There were in 1839 no buyers of pictures by British artists; there were plenty to purchase old masters—the works of Raffaele and Titian and Canaletti; notorious frauds, which I continuously exposed, at much peril, and once at great cost, sometimes showing where false pictures were made, and printing, month after month, Custom House returns of 'ancient masters' imported into London; canvases that paid duty, but which the artists who were responsible for them had never seen. By persisting in that course, proving how little they were worth and would ultimately bring if re-sold, and at the same time producing proofs of the gradual rise in value of British pictures when submitted to public sale, I led the dealers on the one hand, and the collectors on the other, to avoid 'old masters,' and to patronise such as could be readily authenticated—the productions of artists who were yet alive to testify to their work. At the time to which I go back, artists sold their productions at very small prices indeed; they now sell at the auction rooms for, sometimes, a hundredfold the amount such artists received for them. I have more than once been present at a private view of the Royal Academy when, during the day, there was not a single picture sold. About 1840 I gave commissions for six fancy portraits to six young artists then beginning a career in which they have since attained the highest eminence. Among the six were Frith, Ward, and Elmore. Each of the six painted six pictures for the sum of ten guineas each, and were content; they would now be estimated each at the value of two hundred guineas. But still more astounding is this fact: when the engraver Finden, for whom I had obtained them, and who had paid for them (they were for a work I edited for him, 'The Beauties of Moore'), sought to re-sell them at the sums they had cost, and with that view exhibited them at a gallery in the Strand, he could find no buyers at the price of ten guineas each. I need not tell you how different is the case now, when artists are among the wealthier classes of the community. You would gladly now give a hundred pounds for a picture which in 1839 you might have had for as many shillings; and you know that no investment is at once so secure and so remunerative as the money invested in wisely-selected pictures."

The change thus evidenced Mr. Hall may justly claim to have a large share in producing. In 1839, as just stated, Mr. S. C. Hall founded, entirely himself, and on his own responsibility, the "Art Journal," which has continued uninterruptedly to be published from that hour to this, and the whole of that time under his careful editorship. Changes have taken place in its proprietorship, in its size, and in its general style of issue, but the main features and the character of the work remain the same.

Not long following her "Marion," Mrs. Hall (who established and, at first, edited the "St. James's Magazine") wrote her "Stories of the Irish Peasantry," and shortly afterwards she, in conjunction with her husband, published what will remain a standard work of beauty and usefulness, "Ireland, its Scenery, Character, etc.," which thoroughly identifies their name with the authoress's native country, and gives a better and more truthful picture of Ireland and the Irish than any other book in the language.

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In 1845 Mrs. Hall wrote another story, entitled "The White Boy," and, later on, another, entitled "Can Wrong be Right?" and, later still, "A Woman's Story," which appeared in 1857. In 1859 Mr. and Mrs. Hall issued, as their joint production, a charming volume, "The Book of the Thames," which has passed through various editions, and remains one of the choicest of illustrated books.

"Midsummer Eve," a gracefully written Irish fairy tale, and "Pilgrimages to English Shrines," a series of "pleasant illustrated sketches of the homes

Hone, Godwin, and Talfourd; Hazlitt, Bentham, and More; Montgomery, Elliott, and Clare; Edgeworth and Landon; Opie, Fry, Sigourney, and Procter; Baily, Barton, and Cooper; Irving, Hawthorne, and Willis; Southey, Wordsworth, and Wilson; Lover, Shiel, Grattan, and Tennent; James, Blanchard, Hood, Jerrold, and Jerdan; Scott, Dickens, and Lockhart; Jeffrey, Hallam, Milman, and Macaulay; Crabbe, Campbell, and Rogers; Baillie and Hemans; Barham and Bowles—these are but few of the literary names whose lives



S. C. Hall.



Anna Maria Hall

and haunts of genius and virtue in our own little island," were also two of Mrs. Hall's attractive productions; while the "Book of South Wales," by herself and her husband, is another of their more important contributions to topographical literature.

Of Mr. Hall's more important works besides those already named, three or four deserve especially to be named. These are, "The Royal Gallery of Art," "The Vernon Gallery," the "Book of Gems," the "Book of British Ballads," and "The Baronial Halls of England," famous books "in their day," and their "day" one that will last for generations. Another admirable contribution to general literature, the production of the joint pens of husband and wife, though only the husband's name appears on the title-page, was the "Book of Memories of Great Men and Women of the Age, from Personal Acquaintance," published in 1871 and again in 1877. It is a book embracing word-portraits of a hundred or more of the most celebrated writers and artists, men and women alike, of the present century, who have passed away from amongst us, but whose lives and careers have been recalled in loving language by one who knew them well. Moore, and Coleridge, and Lamb;

are recorded in this volume, while those of artists are at least equal to them in interest.

Mr. Hall is now, it is pleasant to add, engaged upon a work which will be of wide interest—"Recollections of a Long Life." Mrs. Hall's two last works, "The Prince of the Fair Family" and "The Fight of Faith," are among her most vigorous and popular stories, and, like all her productions, have a high moral tone and an elevating tendency. She has also been a voluminous and highly successful writer of children's stories.

Of late years Mr. Hall, by his "Trial of Sir Jasper" and "An Old Story," and Mrs. Hall, by her "Boons and Blessings," have vigorously advocated the cause of temperance. "Hitherto," said the writer of the first two of these books, "Art, to say the least, has seemed but an indifferent looker-on while the contest [with the vice of drunkenness] is proceeding, a contest that has been described, and not by exaggeration, as a struggle between heaven and hell—the powers of darkness against the angels of light. Always remembering, however, that George Cruikshank, more than half a century ago, commenced a crusade against it, so picturing 'the curse' as to

have achieved an amount of good almost incalculable. Other artists have given help, notably John Tenniel, who in the most popular of weekly periodicals has been the frequent and powerful exponent of intemperance." But in this little book Mr. Hall has secured the aid of twenty-six artists—among them Millais, Birket Foster, Gustave Doré, Alma Tadema, and others well known—in order to exhibit the abhorrent vice in its hideous deformity, and the beauty and blessing, the rewards, physical, social, moral, temporal, and eternal, of temperance. These three temperance works have passed through many editions, and have been made useful also in platform readings and by magic-lantern representations.

Besides their later labours in the temperance cause, Mr. and Mrs. Hall have taken a leading part in many important philanthropic movements. To the exertions of Mrs. Hall, we believe, we are right in saying the Hospital for Consumption is greatly indebted for its success, and it is work to look back upon with just satisfaction.

Another noble work in which Mr. and Mrs. Hall were engaged, and which they were enabled to see carried to a successful and happy termination, was the "Nightingale Fund," in honour and in recognition of the services of Florence Nightingale. Of this fund, Mrs. Hall was the originator, and in her drawing-room the first subscription was commenced; and Mr. Hall, with the aid of the Right Hon. Sidney Herbert (afterwards Lord Herbert of Lea), undertook the onerous post of honorary secretary. The organising of provincial branches and other necessary arrangements entailed upon him a great amount of labour. The result of the movement was beyond the most sanguine expectation, about forty-five thousand pounds having been raised before the close of the subscription list in 1857, and the Institution for the Training of Hospital Nurses and Attendants permanently established. Both Mr. Hall and his amiable partner have, indeed, at all times been not only ready helpers in, but often originators and carriers-out of good works of every kind. To them the Governesses' Institution and the Pensioners' Employment Society owe, in a great measure, their establishment and their means of usefulness.

But not only so; institutions for the development of art and the promotion of a better and purer taste among the people, through the extending influence of art-manufactures, have ever had Mr. Hall's ready and earnest support. Of the Crystal Palace Art Union he was one of the founders, and has long been one of its most active upholders, and other institutions of the kind have invariably received the benefit of his advice and assistance, while the various International Exhibitions, from that of London in 1851, to the Philadelphia Exhibition of 1876, have been fully illustrated, and their treasures placed on record, through his management.

In 1874 Mr. and Mrs. Hall completed their half-century of married life—their "golden wedding" day, their *goldene hochzeit*, being on the 20th of September in that year—and it was fitly celebrated. The day being Sunday, the venerable pair received the Holy Sacrament together at Kensington, and afterwards received the congratulations of their friends. Ten years before that, Mr. Hall had penned the following graceful lines, "After Forty Years," which were fitly altered on that day to "After Fifty Years":—

AFTER FIFTY YEARS.

Yes! fifty years of troubles—come and gone—
I count since first I gave thee hand and heart!
But none have come from thee, dear wife—not one!
In griefs that sadden'd me thou hadst no part—

Save when, accepting more than woman's share
Of pain and toil, despondency and care.

My comforter thou wert, my hope, my trust;
You suggesting holy thoughts and deeds;
Guiding my steps on earth through blinding dust,
In the Heaven-lit path that Heaven-ward leads.

So has it been, from manhood unto age,
In every shifting scene of life's sad stage,
Since—fifty years ago—a humble name
I gave to thee, which thou hast given to fame;
Rejoicing as the wife and friend, to find
The woman's lesser duties—all—combined
With holiest efforts of creative mind.

And if the world has found some good in me
The prompting and the teaching came from thee!

God so guide both that so it ever be!

So may the full fount of affection flow;
Each loving each as—fifty years ago!

We are going down the rugged hill of life,
Into the tranquil valley at its base;
But, hand in hand, and heart in heart, dear wife:
With less of outer care and inner strife,
I look into thy mind and in thy face,
And only see the angel coming nearer
To make thee still more beautiful and dearer,
When from the thrall and soil of earth made free,
Thy prayer is heard for me, and mine for thee!

The commemoration of the "golden wedding" afterwards took a complimentary form. A large and influential committee was formed among the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Hall, with the result that a subscription of over fifteen hundred pounds was speedily obtained. With this an annuity of a hundred a year on their joint lives (which absorbed about nine hundred pounds of the amount) was obtained, and the balance of some six hundred pounds presented to them in money, along with an album in which were five hundred letters received from persons of all ranks and of various countries, which book the committee considered the very highest tribute that could be accorded to Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, as evidence, not only of private friendship, but of public appreciation. The presentation was made at a private meeting of the subscribers at the house of Frederick Griffin, Esq., by Lord Shaftesbury, who paid a well-merited compliment to them on their career of usefulness.

A supplementary and highly gratifying compliment was afterwards, through the exertions of their friend Mr. Jewitt, paid to Mr. and Mrs. Hall by the preparation of a bust of the former, a copy of which was presented to the latter. This bust, modelled from the life and issued in parian, is one of the most successful of portrait busts, and will remain a pleasing memorial of the event.

It is pleasant to add to this brief notice two marks of royal favour which have been conferred on Mrs. Hall. The first, which took place some years ago, was the grant of a hundred a year to her during her life, on the Civil List of this country, and the

next the presentation to her of a large-size and exquisite portrait of her Majesty, and also of earlier portraits of the Queen and the Prince Consort, accompanied by an autograph letter, in the course of which "the Queen," writes she, "has the greatest pleasure in presenting to Mrs. S. C. Hall a portrait of herself, and also portraits of herself and the Prince." This graceful act to one in feeble and declining health, as Mrs. Hall was at the time, was but one other illustration of the Queen's kindness of thought and feeling. We cannot do better than close this memoir by presenting the following lines by Mr. Hall, written a short time back, when the prospect of death was "nigh at hand." Long may it be ere that "messenger of mercy" calls them to their rest.

NIGH AT HAND.

Through mists that hide me from my God, I see
A shapeless form; Death comes, and beckons me:
I scent the odours of the spirit land:

And, with commingled joy and terror, hear
The far-off whispers of a white-robed band:
Nearer they come—yet nearer—yet more near!
Is it rehearsal of a "Welcome" song?
Do these bright spirits wait till Death may give
The soul its franchise—and I die to live?

Does fancy send the breeze from yon green mountain?

(I am not dreaming when it cools my brow)
Are they the sparkles of an actual fountain
That gladden and refresh my spirit now?
How beautiful the burst of holy light!
How beautiful the day that has no night!
Open! ye everlasting gates! I pray—
Waiting, but yearning—for that perfect day!
Hark! to those Allelujahs! "hail! all hail!"
Shall they be echoed by a sob and wail?
Friends "gone before," these are your happy voices:
The old familiar sounds: my soul rejoices!
Ah! through the mists the great white throne I see:
And now a saint in glory beckons me.
Is Death a foe to dread? The Death who giveth
Life—the unburthened Life that ever liveth!

Who shrinks from Death? Come when he will or may,
The night he brings will bring the risen day:
His call—his touch—we neither seek nor shun:
His life is ended when his work is done.
Our spear and shield no cloud of Death can dim:
He triumphs not o'er us,—we conquer him!

How long, O Lord, how long, ere I shall see
The myriad glories of another sphere?
And worship in Thy presence:—not as here
In chains that keep the shackled soul from Thee!

My God! let that eternal home be near!

Master! I bring to Thee a soul opprest:
"Weary and heavy laden:" seeking rest:
Strengthen my faith: that, with my latest breath,
I greet Thy messenger of mercy—Death!

LADIES' FASHIONS.

CHANGES of fashion in dress are proverbially frequent and great. My first recollection of my own mother is that of a pretty, delicately-made young lady about the middle height, with black eyes, ivory com-

plexion, and dark glossy hair, arranged on the top of her head in five or seven immense upright loops or bows, whilst over the forehead it was arranged in French curls. She wore a myrtle-green brocaded silk dress, short enough to show the ankle and foot enclosed in white silken hose and black satin shoe. The body was cut low in the neck, but not nearly so low as evening dresses are now worn. Round the throat was a neckerchief of black net, covered with coloured flowers worked in silk with a tambour needle, tied with studied negligence. The huge leg-of-mutton sleeves were well stiffened out at the shoulders and tight to the wrists, where, one above another, two or three tight gold bracelets were clasped.

It needed a pretty woman to look well in such a costume, and those were hard times for the very tall or the very stout. But even this costume was a great improvement upon the dress worn some years before, specimens of which a certain old wardrobe contained, and which were sometimes lent us to play at "dressing up" and wearing "trains." Those horrible dresses had the lowest of low bodies and the shortest of round waists. The worst of them—when the fashion had reached its height, I suppose—measured only a few inches from the neck to the waist, and the bust was fitted with the minuteness of a skin. I am sure the body did not exceed three inches in depth. The sleeves were equally short, and puffed, so as to stand out each side of the shoulders like wings. The skirts were short and gored tight to the form, measuring at the widest part barely three yards round. The only merit they possessed was economy of material, for I remember hearing that my mamma and grandmamma each had a present of a China crepe shawl from abroad, which was either a shawl or a dress-piece, and mamma's was made up into one of the very dresses I can remember as contained in the old wardrobe. It was quite plain, except a row of small tabs round the neck, made of white taffetas by way of a berthe, and a very full pinked-out ruche round the extreme edge of the skirt.

It is said that fashion always repeats itself after a lapse of years. Let us sincerely hope this very "undress" style may never come in again. A narrow scarf and long gloves were considered sufficient additions for walking abroad in mild weather. Addison relates an amusing story of his astonishment in visiting a remote country village to find the rural ladies attired in the very latest London fashions, till, on inquiring, he learnt that they had not changed their style of garments for ten years, and that the new "mode" was the revival of an old one. *Apropos* of this, I look up at my great-grandmother's portrait. There she sits, good lady, a beauty in her days, in a damask robe of the new "peacock blue," with square-cut body and Dolly Varden sleeves with their white frills, and brown hair dressed off the face, for all the world like a young lady of the present day, save for a peak to the stomacher.

Ladies' attire has never been so artistically arranged or so generally becoming in any age as at the present day, and the ill-favoured never before had such a good time of it. She must be plain indeed who looks so now. Neither is our present style of dress costly. The universal "polonaise" tunic takes but little material, and the fashion of making the gown, or "costume," as it is the order of the day to call it, of two materials, gives scope for doing up old dresses and utilising remnants.

Some readers may ask why the designs for ladies' clothing are prettier at the present time than of yore.



Every one knows that the fashions in dress emanate from the sister capital, the gay metropolis of "La belle France." Worth, the great man-milliner, if he has to answer the grievous charge of tempting to ruinous extravagance, has yet, certainly, inaugurated the reign of improved taste. Racking his own brains, and employing the most valuable assistance regardless of cost, to design shapes and forms in garments that shall enhance beauty and conceal its absence as much as possible, and at the same time follow out the laws of good taste, every successive effort has achieved a fresh success. The impetus once given, others have joined in the contest. In France artists of some note are not too proud to draw the design of a garment or the pattern to be embroidered on it, and the manufacturers of articles of dress for ladies are not niggardly in making the reward worthy of their acceptance. Besides this, there are persons who obtain a good living by merely designing dresses. Amongst others, I could mention a certain Frenchman who announces his annual visit to London in a fashionable journal about February with a stock of bijouterie, false hair, and "designs for ladies' dresses." These designs are drawn and coloured by hand on tinted cardboard, and fetch from one to five guineas each. He will only show two—or, at the outside, three—to a customer, and if a purchase is not made, he returns them to his portfolio, refusing to show any others, with a polite, but final, "Then I have nothing which will suit you." But if purchased, one or two more will be brought out to tempt the customer to further outlay. These designs are most frequently sold to West-end shops and high-class milliners.

But our own English people are not lax in inventing designs. Nay, it must not be forgotten that the now celebrated Worth, the guide of Parisian fashion, is an Englishman, once a member of the staff of assistants at a well-known mourning warehouse in Regent Street, where they have at the

present time head-clerks who are employed constantly in designing new robes and mantles, and who draw well.

Some of our readers will say, "But why all this constant change and varying of the fashions? Why cannot we establish one good style and keep to it? Why need women waste their money in constantly shifting the cut and custom of their garb?"

Here are three questions which need three answers.

Why this constant change? But for this change manufactures would grow stagnant, commerce would flag, and factory hands and needleworkers starve. Had not each woman of our community better be taxed a little in a frequent change of clothes, than half our women—and men and children too—starve? I ask those well-meaning people who propose to save in clothes and give in charity, whether it is better to pay wages to working folks, or first to make, and then to feed, a race of paupers? Do not suppose that I am advocating or apologising for undue extravagance. The thrifty woman knows how to cut and turn her own and her children's raiment. The honest woman will not spend more than she can afford; and why should not the rich woman disburse a little of her surplus wealth, and "make good for trade"?

I have yet another plea for change of fashion—cleanliness and health. It is not good for health to wear garments too long a time. They all imbibe, not only the impurity of the atmosphere, but some of the emanations of the body. We change our linen frequently, but the more thrifty among us make our dresses, mantles, and such coloured garments as are dark and long-wearing, last a considerable time. It is well that we should not make them last too long. As long as they do not look shabby, we are tempted to overlook the question of health. Indeed, I believe it has never occurred to some minds. The cheerfulness a new garment induces is referred altogether to vanity, and the airy freshness imparted by cleanliness forgotten. So much for the part taken by purchasers and wearers of new dresses.

But the vendors of clothing and the dressmakers combine to make the changes of fashion as frequent as possible that their own trades may flourish. And in this conspiracy the ladies of rank join them. It is always the desire of women of position to wear a different style of dress from that worn by the mass of the populace, and this can only be achieved in these days of progress and equality by a constant succession of changes. As soon as my Lady Duchess appears in a new style, Mrs. Citizen, with the assistance of her mercer's manufacturer, who has also been on the *qui vive*, has a clumsy copy of it. No sooner is Mrs. Citizen seen in her new splendour than Betty, through the medium of a maker for the million, equally alert, is arrayed in a grotesque caricature of the thing. When I speak of a clumsy copy and a grotesque caricature, I do so in no invidious spirit, with no absurd prejudice of aristocracy. It is a literal fact. The original design is almost always graceful, however peculiar it may be. The manufacturer and the dressmaker of inferior capacity who copy it in inferior, and, perhaps, unsuitable materials, too scantily or too amply cut, render an exaggerated caricature. The ordinary female pedestrians of the lower-middle classes represent almost always a burlesque of the original fashion;

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and so Dame Fashion gets reproached when Bad Taste should have all the blame.

"This is all very well," says a crusty old gentleman at my elbow; "very well for an excuse. But look at your ugly fashion-plates; look at your journals for women-folk; what can you say in extenuation of them?" I reply, "There are fashion-plates and fashion-plates. You know nothing about it. In the first place the newest and most elegant fashions are never published in fashion-plates. Our English aristocratic ladies have their dresses made by *modes* not yet published, and the French are in advance of them. It is not till a *mode* is going out of vogue with the *crème de la crème* in Paris that it is drawn and printed in French journals. We English are often a year behind the French, and if we have from a good source all their newest-printed fashion-plates, we should find such dresses in vogue in England just twelve months later. All our best coloured fashion-plates come from Paris, and have the name of the English journal that issues them

printed on them after their arrival, or sometimes by the Parisian houses to order. As for the smudgy, uncoloured prints we sometimes see, the best of them are stereotypes, or casts from French woodcuts, badly printed. Some of the French originals of what look but ugly pictures as they are issued in England, are very beautiful and delicate in execution and graceful in appearance. The blottiness of the print seems actually to abolish the grace of the design.

But the inferior pictures of fashion, both coloured and black-and-white, are imported from Germany. The German fashions are for the most part clumsy copies from Parisian designs, and are often ugly and inelegant, as well as coarsely executed and ill-drawn. They are also much cheaper.

Many attempts have been made from time to time to produce fashion illustrations for ladies' journals in this country, but have always failed, especially in the colouring, the class of persons employed for that purpose not possessing the same good taste as our foreign neighbours.

G. C. C.

AUSTRALIA FELIX: IMPRESSIONS OF VICTORIA.

BY ISABELLA L. BIRD.

VIII.—VICTORIA AND VICTORIAN PROGRESS.

THE capabilities of Australia, the Pacific Eldorado, came to be recognised only by slow degrees. The exaggerations of Quiros, the pilot of the Spanish navigator Torres, in his Memorial addressed to the Court of Madrid, in 1609, praying the Spanish Government for aid in the conquest and settlement of Australia del Espíritu Santo, as he termed his supposed discovery in deference to the conventional usage of the age, failed to send forth any adventurers to its sandy shores, even though he declared that the tract of land of which he wrote equalled Europe and Asia Minor in extent! De Witt and Tasman, under the Dutch flag, in 1628 and 1642, made some very important discoveries, and the Dutch consolidated them under that general name of New Holland, which is familiar to some of us in the atlases of our childhood. Still England was "nowhere," and the first Englishmen who sighted the shores of this part of "Greater Britain" were Dampier and others, the crew of a buccaneering craft cruising in the Southern Ocean, on the look-out for Spanish galleons. Dampier explored the coasts and inlets for two months in 1688, but on returning to England kept his discoveries a secret for ten years, and then published an account of them, in which truth was spiced with some marvellous exaggerations.

Though imperfectly educated, he was a man of strong character and great powers of observation, and he was subsequently sent to Australia in command of a man-of-war, and explored several degrees of the west coast; but on his return to England, like the earlier Dutch explorers, he gave such an evil report of the land, that no speculators, however daring, were found wild enough to start a colonising expedition for its barren shores, nor did the Government deem the discoveries worth following up in other

latitudes of Australia. Consequently, for seventy years this land of boundless treasure and fertility was left unvisited, and lay under the imputation of being a worthless wilderness. In 1770 Cook explored the coast for 3,800 miles, and took possession of the eastern territory, afterwards known as New South Wales, in the name of King George III. Cook and Sir Joseph Banks, by their accurate scientific narratives, indicating its capabilities for settlement, the fineness of its climate, its capacious harbours, and its scanty population, procured a reversal of the verdict which had been passed upon Australia; yet eighteen years were allowed to elapse before the colony of New South Wales, from which all the Australian colonies except Swan River are offshoots, was actually planted.

In 1798 Bass ascertained that Tasmania was an island by sailing through the strait which now bears his name. Up to that time ships bound for Sydney had given its southern coast a wide berth, in the belief that it was a promontory of the mainland. The opening up of this strait necessarily revealed the coast of what is now known as Victoria; but it was not till 1802 that the superb harbour of Port Philip was discovered almost simultaneously by Murray and Flinders. The first prominent settlement in Victoria was not, however, founded till 1834, when Mr. Henty, a Tasmanian merchant, with a few followers, established a pastoral and whaling station at Portland. They were followed, in 1835, by Mr. Batman,* also from Tasmania, who settled in Port Philip on the site of Melbourne, and a little later in the same year by Mr. Fawcner, who established himself with his party on the opposite bank of the Yarra.

In 1839 the residents of Port Philip numbered 6,000, and the district was formed into an organised dependency of New South Wales, under a superin-

* The statistics in this paper are taken from the latest edition of the Victorian Year Book, published by Government authority at Melbourne in 1876, by Mr. Hayter, the Government statistician, and supplied to me by the courtesy of the Agent-General for Victoria.—I. L. B.

* In the note on Mr. Batman on p. 219 in the April number of the "L'Esclaireur," for "New Zealand" read "Van Diemen's Land."

tendent who was responsible to the governor of that colony. In 1851 the Home Government, yielding to the demands of the new settlement, erected Port Philip into an independent colony, bearing the name of Victoria, and since that date her progress has been rapid and gigantic. The formal separation took place on July 1st, 1851, a day which has ever since been scrupulously observed as a public holiday. At the commencement of the year of separation the population of Port Philip numbered 76,000, the sheep 6,000,000, the cattle 380,000, the horses 21,000, and the land in cultivation 52,000 acres. In the preceding year the public revenue had amounted to £260,000, the public expenditure to £196,000, the imports to £745,000, the exports to £1,000,000. The ships which arrived numbered 555, of an aggregate tonnage of 108,030, and the ships which departed numbered 508, of an aggregate tonnage of 87,087. The wheat grown amounted to 550,000 bushels, the oats to 100,000 bushels, the hay to 21,000 tons. The wool exported amounted to 18,000,000 lbs., and the tallow to 10,000,000 lbs.

Separate existence involved the framing of a constitution, and this important document, based avowedly on that of Great Britain, was proclaimed in November, 1855, and, with a few modifications, still remains in force. The topstone, representing the sovereign, is a governor, appointed by the crown. There are two legislative houses with power to make laws, subject to the assent of the crown, as represented generally by the colonial governor. The legislative council, or upper house, consists of thirty members, five of whom retire every two years, but are eligible for re-election. The lower house consists of seventy-eight members, and is dissolved every three years, and under certain circumstances oftener. A property qualification is required of both members and electors of the upper house, but in obedience to growing democratic tendencies, the property qualification of both members and electors of the lower house with which the constitution started, has been totally abolished. Certain officers of the Government, four of whom at least should have seats in Parliament, are deemed "responsible ministers." Victorian politics are "fast and furious," as may be gathered from the facts that sixteen ministries have successively held office in twenty-one years, and that the singular political phenomenon known as a "dead lock" has already occurred in the colonial annals.

A few words on the geographical position of Victoria are in place here. It may be remarked, first, that though an ardent loyalty has conferred the royal name pretty liberally elsewhere, it is to the most southern of the Australian colonies that it belongs *par excellence*. The misnomer which bestowed on the territory which is its western boundary the name of South Australia leads to much confusion, but the truth is that only a small part of that colony is situated farther south than even the most northern portion of Victoria. Victoria is at the south-east of the Australian continent, and lies between the 34th and 39th parallels of south latitude, in a position corresponding to that of Algeria and the southmost half of Spain, and extends from the 141st to the 150th meridian of east longitude. Its extreme length is about 420 miles, and its greatest breadth 250, while its extent of coast-line is nearly 600 miles. Comparing one country with another, Great Britain is slightly larger than Victoria, the former having an area of 89,644 square miles, and the latter 88,198,

or 56,446,720 acres, of which about 23,000,000 may be regarded as unavailable for agricultural and pastoral purposes.

Victoria, however, only occupies about a thirty-fourth part of the great Australian continent. Its northern boundary is the prosperous and rival colony of New South Wales; South Australia limits it on the west; and the Southern Ocean, Bass's Straits, and the Pacific Ocean bound it on the south. Its highest mountain, one of the Bogong range, is 6,500 feet above the sea-level, and its longest river is the Murray, 2,400 miles long, the largest river in Australia, but Victoria can only lay claim to 670 miles of it. With the exception of the Murray, the Yarra, and the Goulburn, not one of the 115 Victorian rivers is navigable except by boats, and most of them degenerate in the summer into mere chains of water-holes. Of its 115 lakes, one of which, Corangamite, covers 76 square miles, 29 are salt and 13 brackish. Except for the splendid harbour of Port Philip, and Western Port, the Victorian coast is inhospitable, and presents nothing but roadsteads, affording only partial shelter, or shallow inlets suitable only for small vessels.

A large observatory, magnificently equipped and ably directed, was erected, in 1863, on the Government domain in Melbourne, but it was founded so long ago as 1853, and no European country possesses for a series of years more complete meteorological and climatological observations than this young colony. To people who have friends in Victoria, and to those about to proceed thither, the subject of climate is an interesting and important one. It may be stated, without any risk of error, that the Victorian climate is a decidedly healthy one, though the hot winds, which are more frequent in Melbourne than in other parts of the colony, are a drawback, and the climate, stimulating to all, is over-stimulating to some constitutions. Dryness is a marked characteristic of the atmosphere. The skies are clear, bright, and sunny. The sudden chill at sunset, so perilous in the Mediterranean health-resorts, is unknown in Victoria. For a good part of the year it is both safe and wholesome to sleep in the open air. The mean temperature of the air at Melbourne, derived from fourteen years of observations, is 57.6° (about seven degrees higher than that of London), and the greatest range of temperature in the same period 84.2°. The rainfall is precarious, having varied in thirty-five years from 44.25 inches in a year to 15.94. January and February are the hottest months; June and July the coldest. Hoar frost, with occasional ice, occur in Melbourne in July, and sometimes in June and August, but there are years in which the thermometer never falls so low as the freezing-point, and, on the whole, the Victorian winter resembles the perfection of an English October, with an added purity and brilliancy of atmosphere. The alternation of the equatorial and polar currents is the main feature of the wind system. The strongest winds are those from the north and south-west; the lightest from the east. Westerly winds are frequent at all seasons throughout the colony, and usually blow with great violence and in heavy squalls. Victoria is doubtless a windy region, though less so than New Zealand. The winds are lightest on the average at 1 a.m., and strongest at 1 p.m., showing a regular increase and decrease between those points. Thunderstorms are frequent and severe, and lightning without thunder is also common.

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Most, if not all, of our common maladies have, unhappily, found their way to Victoria. In the last twenty-one years, phthisis (consumption) has proved fatal to 15,386 persons; diarrhoea to 13,499; dysentery to 11,084; typhoid fever to 8,714; pneumonia to 8,041; diphtheria to 6,362; bronchitis to 5,699; scarlatina to 5,079; whooping-cough to 3,498; and measles to 2,287. Diphtheria was unknown in the colony till 1858. Atrophy and debility are accountable for 15,489 deaths in the last twenty-one years. Only twenty-one deaths from small-pox have occurred, and these were imported cases. The mortality from measles, scarlatina, and whooping-cough is less, and that from diphtheria, dysentery, and diarrhoea is greater in Victoria than in England. Consumption is stated to be increasing, but the annual proportion of deaths from this cause—even in Melbourne, though it is in a much higher ratio than in the colony as a whole—is less than that in England and Wales, being as 21·23 to every 10,000 of the population compared with 25·47 at home.

The discovery of gold in Victoria within a month after she became an independent colony, though productive of sundry evils, gave an extraordinary impulse to her population and prosperity. On 9th June, 1851, at a public meeting held in Melbourne, a "gold discovery committee" was appointed, which was authorised to offer rewards to any persons who should discover gold in remunerative quantities. Before that time certain settlers had found gold, but had kept their discoveries secret for various reasons, but in a few weeks afterwards the treasure was found in large quantities in the Yarra ranges, a little later at Buninyong and Ballarat, and then came the startling discoveries of Mount Alexander and Bendigo. The deposits were found to be richer and to be spread over a wider area than those of New South Wales, and as the fame of them spread to the adjacent colonies, thousands of immigrants crowded into the golden land. The "gold outbreak" was followed by the "gold fever," the story of which has passed into history. Within sixteen months 150,000 persons landed on the shores of Port Phillip, many of them most slenderly equipped, to find the necessities of life at famine prices, society unhinged and in a state of anarchy, and every room, shed, and cellar in Melbourne packed with people. Then rose the famous "Canvass Town," where the ill-fed mass of humanity found imperfect shelter in streets of tents, which became the abode of filth and squalor, and eventually of immorality and crime, so that the Government swept the last remnant of it away in 1864. Day-labourers, domestic servants, shopmen, mechanics, and artisans of every class, went off to the diggings, leaving their families and employers to shift for themselves; and numbers of employers, either from being left without hands, or unable to resist the mania, followed. In some of the suburbs of Melbourne and Geelong not an adult man was left. The ships in the harbour were deserted, and all contract works, public and private, came to a standstill.

Before long, ships arrived in England freighted with £30,000, £50,000, and even £100,000, and bringing marvellous tales of the golden wealth which was waiting to be gathered. In one memorable fortnight a magnificent fleet of forty-five merchantmen, with an aggregate tonnage of 50,000 tons, left British ports for Australia, carrying 15,000 passengers, nineteen-twentieths of whom were men, paying an average passage-money of £25, or a total of £300,000, an event

without parallel in the annals of British shipping. The news spread to China, and in a short time the motley population of the gold-fields was swelled by thousands of yellow-skinned pagans. Americans arrived even from the Atlantic States, and Californians left their own gold-yielding "gulches" to join in the scramble for wealth in this new Eldorado. The metallic result is that 44,414,177 ounces of gold were raised in Victoria between 1851 and 1875, representing a total of *one hundred and seventy-seven million, six hundred and fifty-six thousand, seven hundred and nine pounds sterling*.

The influx of this vast army of non-producers created such a demand for agricultural produce that the united efforts of all the farmers of Australia could not supply more than one-half of the food which was needed. Consequently, there was a pressing demand for small sections of good land, not only on the part of the more prudent of the labouring classes, who had saved money, but from a large number of more recent immigrants, who were wearying of the lottery of gold-digging, and were far-sighted enough to perceive the prospective prosperity of agricultural pursuits. At that time, not only was the Government unprepared with a sufficiency of agricultural land to meet the wants of the colonists, but the richest lands were locked up in the "pastoral leases" of the squatters, and the regulations for the disposal of crown lands prohibited the sale of any section smaller than a square mile beyond the town and suburban allotments. Then rose a cry among the non-squatting population for the Government to "unlock the lands," and dispose of them in small lots to those who wanted them for immediate tillage; and, gathering strength as it spread through the colony, obtained the passing of one Land Act after another, till the wise and beneficent Land Act of 1869, on the principle of "free selection before survey," created the "Free Selector," and added a new element to the solid progress of Victoria.

Agricultural and pastoral pursuits are now the great sources of Victorian wealth, the value of the export of wool only in one year exceeding by two millions that of the gold. The agricultural statistics of the colony are very complete, and are collected annually by the municipal bodies under a local government act. The progress made is indicated by a comparison between 1865 and 1875:—

HOLDINGS AND LAND OCCUPIED, ENCLOSED, AND CULTIVATED, 1865 and 1875.

Year ended 31st March.	Number of Holdings.	Acres Occupied.	Acres Enclosed.	Acres under Tillage.
1865	13,355	6,125,204	5,030,973	479,403
1875	38,468	12,264,576	11,251,142	1,611,776

It will be observed that since the first period all the numbers have more than doubled.

GROSS PRODUCE OF PRINCIPAL CROPS IN 1865 and 1875.

Principal Crops.	Year ended March 31, 1865.	Year ended March 31, 1875.
Wheat (bushels)	1,809,378	4,850,165
Oats "	2,094,445	2,121,612
Barley "	124,849	619,396
Potatoes (tons)	59,823	124,310
Hay "	97,731	157,261

During the eleven years the average produce of wheat was 16·10 bushels to the acre, that of oats

20-24, that of barley 20-26, that of potatoes 2-93 tons, and that of hay 1-30 tons. The total estimated value of the crops raised in Victoria in 1874-5 is over £4,400,000, and the estimated value of pastoral produce for the same period over £9,840,000, exclusive of live stock "on foot," while the total number of hands employed on farms and stations exceeds 87,000. The total area of land of which the purchase has been completed amounted in 1875 to 9,153,174 acres; the crown lands selected, leased, etc., to 3,111,402; and the crown lands held under pastoral licences to 24,230,128; while over 14,000,000 acres of agricultural land are still available for selection. The total value of the machinery and improvements on farms is estimated at nearly £12,000,000, and of machinery and improvements on stations at over £2,000,000.

Varieties.

UNCLE TOM.—The recent visit of the venerable negro, Josiah Henson, the "Uncle Tom" of Mrs. Beecher's world-wide story, is an event of historical interest. It was his second visit, the first being in 1851, soon after his escape from slavery, when he exhibited specimens of "lumber" and polished wood in the Canadian Court at the Great Exhibition. Since that time Mr. Henson, having obtained sufficient education, was ordained a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and by his ministry, as well as by establishing a training school, has done much for the elevation of the coloured people in Canada. To get help for the latter object, which had involved him in financial difficulties, Mr. Henson came to his old friends in England. He has been generously received, and his "progress" in various parts of the kingdom has been interesting to all present at the meetings, and very satisfactory in pecuniary results. After all expenses and claims are met, about £2,000 remain as provision for the comfort of Uncle Tom in his old age. He and Mrs. Henson have also carried away valuable presents as recollections of their visit. But the reception by the Queen at Windsor was the crowning scene of this remarkable life. A full account of this appears in the autobiography, "Uncle Tom's Story of his Life, from 1789 to 1877," edited by Mr. John Lobb, of the "Christian Age," a book of which above 70,000 copies have been sold. A "Young People's Illustrated Edition" is also likely to have large popularity among juvenile readers.

RUSSIA.—The manifesto of the Czar at the commencement of hostilities is worthy of preservation for reference, having far broader than political bearing. "That document," said the "Times," on its appearance, "will, in all probability, rank historically with the most important declarations of this century." "Our faithful and well-beloved subjects know the warm interest we have constantly felt in the destinies of the oppressed Christian population of Turkey. Our desire to ameliorate and assure their lot has been shared by the whole Russian nation, which now shows itself ready to bear fresh sacrifices in order to alleviate the position of the Christians in the Balkan Peninsula. The blood and treasure of our faithful subjects have ever been dear to us. Our whole reign attests our constant solicitude to preserve for Russia the blessings of peace. This sentiment did not cease to animate us at the time of the sad events which happened in Herzegovina and Bulgaria. The end we, above everything, assigned to ourselves was, by means of pacific negotiation and in concert with the Great European Powers, our allies and friends, to ameliorate the position of the Christians in the East. In concert with the great friendly and allied Powers, we have for two years made incessant efforts to effect reforms which might protect from the arbitrary will of the local authorities the Christians of Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Bulgaria. The accomplishment of these reforms was entirely involved in the previous engagements solemnly contracted by the Porte towards all Europe. Our efforts, backed by diplomatic representations made by the other Governments in common, did not attain the desired end. The Porte remained immovable in its categorical refusal of any effective guarantee for the security of the Christians, and it rejected the conclusions of the Conference of Con-

stantinople. Desiring to try every possible means of conciliation in order to persuade the Porte, we proposed to the other Cabinets to frame a special Protocol, comprising the essential conditions laid down by the Conference, and to invite the Porte to share in this international act, tracing the extreme limits of our pacific demands. Our expectation, however, has not been realised. The Porte has not deferred to the unanimous will of Christian Europe; it has not assented to the conclusions of the Protocol. Having thus exhausted all pacific efforts, the haughty obstinacy of the Porte obliges us to proceed to more decisive acts. A respect for equity and our own dignity dictates this to us. Turkey, by her refusal, places us under the necessity of resorting to the force of arms. Profoundly convinced of the justice of our cause, and humbly trusting in the Divine grace, we make known to our faithful subjects that the moment has now arrived which we foresaw when we uttered at Moscow the words to which all Russia responded with such unanimity. We expressed an intention of acting independently of the other Powers when we should judge that this was necessary and that the honour of Russia required it. To-day, invoking God's blessing on our brave armies, we order them to cross the frontier.

"Given at Kischeneff this 12th (24th) day of April, in the year of grace 1877, and the 23rd of our reign.—ALEXANDER."

TURKEY.—It is only right to append the counter-manifesto of the Sultan, addressed to his armies.

"The Russian Government has declared war upon us. Confident in the aid of Providence and the Prophet, we have been forced in our turn to have recourse to arms. We have always wished for peace and tranquillity, despite the drawn sword which we have held in our hand, and in our desire for peace we listened to the counsels of Europe, and worked with it to attain the desired result. Our enemy having, however, but one object in view—that of completely annihilating our rights and independence—it is impossible to satisfy his desire without sacrificing everything. Thus, without right or real cause, he has marched to attack us. We are convinced that the Judge of Judges, the Protector of right and justice, will grant us the victory by the aid of our own efforts and bravery, and by the union of the material and moral support of our faithful subjects. The enemy will not attain the desired end. I trust in God, who will grant the victory to the just cause. I hope my soldiers will guard the honour and glory of the Osmanli name and that of our ancestors, and keep our flag without stain. I salute all my generals, officers, and soldiers. They will show at this solemn hour all their ardour, zeal, and courage. Every foot of ground occupied by our soldiers was bought with the blood of our glorious ancestors. Let them defend the rights and independence of the Osmanlis. In so doing they will obtain the victory. The nation takes under its protection the wives and children of the soldiers. The Padisha is with them in his prayers. If needful he will take in hand the sacred banner, and will join them, ready to sacrifice his life at the head of the army for the rights, the honour, and the independence of Turkey. May God grant us the victory."

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.—The vast diffusion of illustrated literature is a feature of our time, but the pressure of competition and the hurry of publication do not allow of proportional advancement in the quality of the artistic work. The illustration of books in the style of Rogers's "Italy" and others produced above forty years ago, seems almost a lost art. Campbell's poems and Byron's "Childe Harold," are other examples that we remember in those days. Few such books appear now. It was the sight of Rogers's "Italy," Mr. Ruskin tells us, that determined his devotion to art. It is certainly a beautiful volume, and deservedly treasured by collectors. A copy of the first edition of "Italy" (1830) is worth at least a guinea and a half, and of the miscellaneous "Poems" by Rogers, twenty-five shillings is the market price, and the price will rise as they become rarer. Cadell and Moxon were the publishers, but few authors have £50,000 to spend upon the decoration of their works, as Rogers had. The "Book of Gems," in three volumes, edited by Mr. S. C. Hall, is another example of splendid illustration, both in design and engraving. This work is also difficult to procure in its early impressions. Some of the once popular "Annuals," the fashion of which has passed away, such as "The Keepsake," Heath's "Picturesque," Jennings's "Landscape Annual," containing designs from the greatest artists of the day, are eagerly sought after, and bring good prices. Of modern illustrated books, one of the most charming has been Cowper's "Task" (Nisbet & Co.), by Birket Foster, who spent a summer amidst the poet's haunts, and so added accuracy to the skill and genius of his illustrations.

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